

Our Dumb Animals.

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 37.

Boston, December, 1904.

No. 7.



MADONNA AND CHILD.

[Used by kind permission of The Perry Pictures Company.]

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

BY INEZ MAY FELT.

Within an old cathedral dim
The white-robed choir chant a hymn,
That old, old story o'er again,
Of peace on earth, good will toward men.
A holy silence fills the air,
And every head is bowed in prayer,
While from the tower the joy-bells chime
At Christmas time.

Far out upon the briny deep
The mariner his watch doth keep
For his bright, guiding Bethlehem star,
The beacon light that shines afar;
And, as he sees its kindly rays,
He thinks of home and other days,
Of loved ones in a distant clime
At Christmas time.

Again at the old homestead's door
Dear friends and kindred meet once more,
To sit around the hearthstone's glow,
And hark to bells across the snow.
They talk of youth and hope and love,
And gently speak of those above,
The missing ones, with faith sublime,
At Christmas time.

"IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR."

We shall never tire of reading this magnificent hymn. It will go down through the ages until the coming of the millennium:

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

With all the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;

And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring:
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

A CHRISTMAS DISCOVERY.

GEORGE CLAY LLOYD.

'Twas the night before Christmas and Santa Claus sat
In his palace of ice and snow,
As he rubbed his hands before the bright brands
His cheeks had a ruddier glow.

His hair was as white as his palace of snow,
The beard on his chin was the same,
His eyes sparkled bright as a diamond that night
As he smiled on his white-haired dame.

"'Tis the eve before Christmas," he said to his wife,
"To-night I must hasten away,
The sweetmeats and toys for my girls and my boys
Are snugly packed now in my sleigh.

"My boys and my girls have been good all the year,
I am pleased so well have they done,
Though some chimneys be small, I'll visit them all,
And a present I'll give each one."

Then he harnessed his little reindeer and away
He sped with the wings of the wind,
His heart was as glad as he passed o'er the snow,
And left the cold north-land behind.

Then onward he sped over valley and hill
Till he traveled the wide world through,
That hearts may be light as his own was that night,
When morning should break on the view.

Then I heard ting-a-ling ting-a-ling at the door,
And quickly I leaped from my bed,
I knew very well it was Santa Claus' bell,
And wanted a peep at his sled.

I peeped through the door that was standing ajar,
Expecting the saint I should see,
But there stood papa with presents, ha ha,
And was filling my stocking for me.

Stephen, Minn.

Young People's Paper, Elkhart, Ind.

AMERICAN HORSES FOR JAPAN.

We saw some time since that a hundred thousand American horses had been bought by Japan to be used in the Japanese armies. Probably ninety thousand of them, after terrible suffering, are now dead or will be at the close of the war, and probably the number of Russian horses that suffer and die is still greater.

This paper speaks for the horses that cannot speak for themselves.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

SOME OF OUR POLITICIANS.

Some of our politicians in their talk about the Monroe doctrine seem to be of the same opinion as some of the first settlers of our country, who passed the following resolutions:

Resolved: First, the earth is the Lord's and is the heritage of his saints.

Resolved: Second, we are the saints.

And then they began to kill off the Indians as fast as they could.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Physician—"You do not need medicine at all. Take plenty of exercise and a mild tonic—say a bottle of claret every day." *Patient* (in alarm), "Oh, no! I can't do that." "H'm. Temperance man?" "Oh, no! But the fact is I was in the wine business myself once and I know how it's made."

Philadelphia Call.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOSTON POLICE WITH THE STUDENTS OF THE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT, NOVEMBER 2ND.

Whether the police [or some of them, and if so, how many] on that occasion lost their heads and wrongfully used their clubs is a question which at this writing is being carefully investigated, but we do not believe that the police, as a whole, have any desire to engage in any unnecessary fight with the students of any of our educational institutions or anybody else. If the Harvard students and students of the Institute of Technology who are anxious to get into a fight with each other would quietly go some night to some field ten miles away from Boston, and there have it out to their hearts' content, we have no doubt our police would feel about it very much as the old lady did who, when her husband got into a fight with a bear, said she didn't care which whipped. In fact, we are very strongly impressed with the belief that our police would consider it a subject for special thanksgiving if both institutions were located fifty miles away from our city. Our policemen are, generally speaking, men of little if any property, with wives and children depending upon them for support, and liable to be called upon at any hour of the day or night to risk their lives in defence of the lives and property of their fellow-citizens. Without them neither life nor property would be safe in our city either night or day, and to them as a force, and to many of them personally we owe, in our judgment, a great debt of gratitude for the good services they render. Some of them, in the performance of their duties, are killed and many are dangerously injured.

Some years ago we had the pleasure of addressing eight hundred and thirty-two officers and men of the Philadelphia police in one of the large halls of that city, and at the conclusion of our address a prominent citizen said that it had been ascertained by statistics that a larger percentage of police officers in Philadelphia were wounded in the discharge of their duties than of the soldiers enlisted in our armies during our civil war. Our police officers have plenty of fighting to do in their ordinary work.

Another question comes up. Why should Harvard students and Technology students want to fight each other at all? Why should there not be the most perfect friendship and good feeling in both institutions for each other? What is the cause of all this fighting spirit which seems to be growing so rapidly in our higher institutions of learning?

To us it seems very apparent, because everything is done to educate them mentally and nothing to educate them humanely. Not a dollar seems to be expended, or a word said by professors and teachers to promote peace on earth and good will; and so, while our institutions are sending out many good men who have been made good by other influences, they are sending out every year more or less educated devils to endanger in the various professions and positions they come into, not only private families and individuals, but the peace of our country and the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

COLLEGE HAZING.

(From Boston Herald of November 16.)

MADISON, Wis., Nov. 15, 1904.—One thousand University of Wisconsin students to-night engaged in an organized man-hunt for Walter R. Mason, the Brookline, Mass., student who shot a hazer. Mason "knocked" the Wisconsin football team, and after Saturday's defeat by Minnesota professed to be delirious with joy. A party of students undertook to throw him into Lake Mendota, whereupon Mason drew a revolver and shot Earl Grunert of Chicago in the leg. Mason was summoned before the faculty this afternoon, and it was afterward given out that he would soon leave the university.

This did not satisfy the student body, and a mob gathered on the university campus. A dozen leaders, firing guns, received the hundreds of students who came running up, saying: "We're going to clean out Mason for shooting Earl Grunert. We mean business, and want only fellows with no yellow streak in them to come along and help."

It was explained that Mason had sent word to the crowd that tried to haze him Saturday night that he had bought a 32-calibre now, his 22-calibre pistol having been taken away Saturday night.

After 1000 or more students had gathered, the march was commenced to Mason's room, a mile away. The house was surrounded and a committee of leaders rang the door-bell. They were told that Mason went away at 6 o'clock and had not returned. The crowd insisted on searching for themselves and a squad of students rushed into the house and searched it. A riot call was sent in and policemen responded, but did not arrive until after the house had been searched from cellar to attic.

Mason was not found, and the searchers returned to confer with the mob. It was decided to take Mason's trunk and other belongings and distribute the fragments as souvenirs, but the police prevented this.

The mob marched back to the campus and sent squads of searchers to the two Madison theatres and to the libraries and other places to find Mason, but in vain. The police gave out that Mason had left Madison, but it is understood that friends had warned him while the mob was gathering, and that he escaped.

While the crowd was marching and searching the house guns were discharged, the mob hooted and howled and the situation appeared serious. The report that faculty members had been roused up and sent to the scene by President Van Hise and were spotting the ringleaders had a quieting effect.

The demonstration to-night assures that Mason will not remain here, if, in fact, he has not already gone. His father, Leland Mason, was telegraphed to by friends of the boy here Saturday night, it is said, to take him away, as it was dangerous for him here. Young Mason received word from his father Sunday to come home, but did not do so, replying that the shooting affair was a trifle and that he would remain if the faculty would permit. He told friends here that he was going to fight it out in Madison.

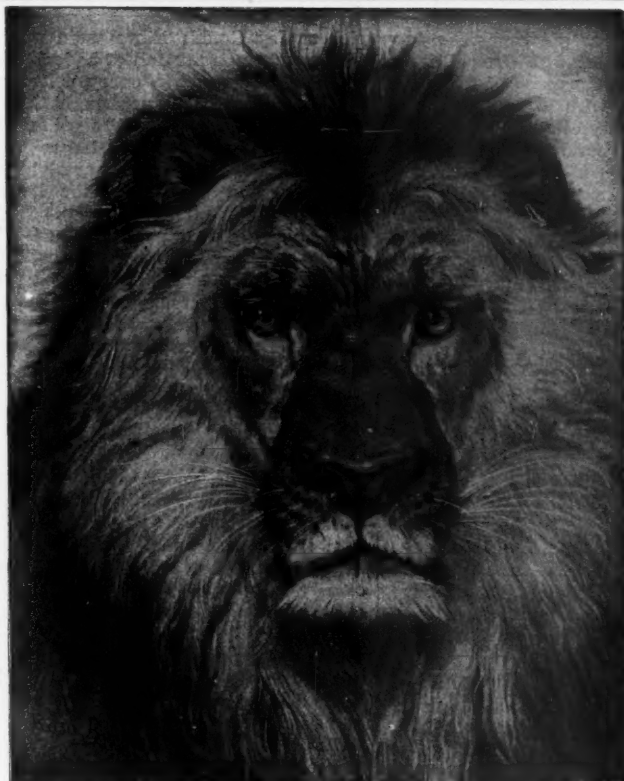
If this statement be true, we honor Mason for declining to be thrown into Lake Mendota. When we entered Brown University in 1842, one of the first things we did was to have our door made so strong that it could not be broken in by any sudden assault, and then gave out notice that we did not intend to be hazed, and that we should certainly shoot as many students as we could who attempted to break through our door. The sophomores were impressed with the belief that we should do it, and we escaped hazing.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

NEED OF HUMANE EDUCATION.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28, 1904.—Bound hand and foot with stout cords and with bandages over his mouth and eyes, 11-year-old Herbert Howe was led into the woods by a dozen school-mates at Flushing this morning and thrown into an abandoned well. The boy remained there without food all day and was rescued about 5 o'clock to-night by his mother and three detectives. He was the victim of "initiation ceremonies"—another name for hazing—of a band of Flushing school-boys.

Boston Herald, Sept. 29th.



WAR.



PEACE.

A picture for the careful thought of all good Christians on Christmas Day.

ROOSEVELT'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

Readers of our Autobiographical Sketches will remember that while we were in London arrangements were made that we should carry a letter to Paris which would give us an interview with Napoleon, Emperor of France. He had proclaimed to the world that the empire meant peace, and we wished to say to his majesty that if he would propose to the various European powers to disband, and put to useful labor one-tenth of their respective armies, one of two things must happen; first: if his majesty's proposal was accepted, he would go down through all history as having accomplished it; and second: if declined, he would go down through all history as having attempted it.

President Roosevelt is now in a position to win the respect and honor of all civilized nations. His fighting inclinations are well known; no peace proposition from him will be attributed to weakness. If (as seems to us quite probable) he may decide to be the champion of international peace, he can go down through all history side by side with Washington and Lincoln.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR BOSTON POLICE AND THE
TECHNOLOGY STUDENTS'
TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.

[A LETTER FROM A BOSTON LAWYER.]

"GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.

Dear Sir:—As a constant reader of your monthly paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, I think

you are always glad to publish whatever seems for the public good.

There were, as I understand it, some seven or eight hundred students carrying torches and perhaps forty or fifty of our Boston police who, by request of President Pritchett, were ordered to keep the students from the steps of Rogers building. I would very much like to have the Police Commissioners, by letter or otherwise, ascertain from all the students who were injured:

1st. Whether, if President Pritchett had told the students that he had requested the Boston police to keep the steps of Rogers building clear, would there have been any difficulty?

2nd. Whether, if when President Pritchett discovered that there was no danger of a battle with the Harvard students he had discharged the police from the Rogers building, would there have been any difficulty?

3rd. Whether, if when standing in the dark room at the side of the steps he saw the trouble beginning, could he not, by stepping to the front door, have almost instantly stopped the difficulty?

4th. What sort of a chance would forty or fifty policemen stand against seven or eight hundred students armed with torch-sticks and kerosene lamps?

5th. Did you strike any policeman yourself or see others strike any policemen, and if so, whom did you see and please give names?

6th. Did you throw a kerosene lamp at any policeman, or see other students throw

kerosene lamps at policemen, and if so, do you know who they were, and please give their names?

It rather seems to me that the policemen must have used their clubs with some degree of carefulness from the fact that no one was fatally injured.

FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT COELUM."

COLLEGE FOOTBALL.

We are pleased to see that President Faunce of Brown University is taking strong ground against college games of football as they are now played. As a friend who has seen many of them recently told us, they seem to be simply fights between eleven prize fighters of one college and eleven other prize fighters of another, attended by vast amounts of gambling by people who witness them, either of their own money or the money of somebody else.

As they have been described to us, they seem very little better in principle and effect on those engaged in them and who witness them than the bull-fights of Spain or those other more barbarous fights which were once so common in Roman amphitheatres. How many men leave our colleges in these days better men than when they entered?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Ring the bells of mercy,
Ring them loud and clear,
Let their music linger
Softly on the ear;
Filling souls with pity
For the dumb and weak;
Telling all the voiceless
We for them will speak."

ALMOST PROVIDENTIAL.

When we had succeeded in organizing the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (second of its kind in America) and had decided to print two hundred thousand copies of this paper (the first of its kind in the world) one of the most important questions that came before us was the terrible condition of the slaughter-houses at Brighton.

We had arranged with certain residents of Brighton to give us information in regard to those slaughter-houses, but at the last moment all of them declined on the ground that they feared danger from the butchers. Just at the last moment before going to press, there came into our office a tall, stern-looking man, who said:

"You're forming a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals here, ain't you?"

We said "Yes," and he gave us a five or ten dollar bill to become a member. We asked him where we should send the paper which we were about to publish, to his address, and he answered, "Brighton."

We said: "Perhaps you know something about those slaughter-houses in Brighton?"

He answered: "I think I ought to for I've run one of them for about twenty years, and I've done cruelty enough to animals, and now I'm going to see if I can't do them some good."

The tears came into our eyes as we said: "Who do you suppose sent you here?" And he answered that he "kind o' thought that he'd come in," and he gave us at once a full account of the horrors at Brighton, which, together with another account of the splendid abattoir at Paris, we sent in the 200,000 copies all over our city and our state, and so helped, as the Boston Board of Health afterwards acknowledged in their annual report, to abolish the slaughter-houses and substitute the better abattoir at Brighton.

We were told subsequently that this man had never been known before to contribute to any charity or to have any such feeling as brought him to our office. If his coming there at that critical time, to enable us to send out in the 200,000 copies of our paper the facts we were able to send, was not providential, it seemed to be almost so.

We could mention other circumstances concerning the early history of our Massachusetts Society which seemed to us, almost, if not quite, as providential. Most of them will be found in our Autobiographical Sketches; and speaking of those sketches, about the last time we saw, previous to his death, our good friend John Boyle O'Reilly, he took down from a shelf over his table a copy of them, and said:

"Angell, I always keep that book here, and sometimes when I have a little leisure I like to read it."

Any person wishing a copy of those sketches, by sending us four cents to pay postage, can receive a copy without charge.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TWENTY-SIX BRITISH BATTLESHIPS.

We find in our morning paper of Oct. 26th, that twenty-six British battleships are mobilized in the path of the Russian squadron to enquire into the firing of that squadron on British fishing vessels in the North Sea. It carries our thoughts back to

the proposition of our government a few years ago to go to war with Great Britain about the boundary of a piece of wild land down in Venezuela, with which we had no more business to meddle than with the boundary of similar land in South Africa, and how the New York militia were ready to march at a few hours' notice to blow up the Welland Canal and capture Canada.

If the British government had taken a different view of the matter from what it did, we think that the appearance of twenty-six battleships off Boston harbor, with a request that within twenty-four hours we pay—millions of dollars for the trouble we had made them, would have been anything but funny.

We much prefer to have had a call from the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of London, and to have given them in our Symphony Hall the best and costliest dinner Boston could produce.

We shall never forget the thousand good things we owe to England, for her laws, her literature and otherwise, including the book "Black Beauty," of which we have caused to be circulated more than three millions copies in our own, most European, and three Asiatic languages.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FROM PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS.

In our September issue (for the encouragement of all humane workers) we gave a few of our recent experiences, but to give all the pleasant, and sometimes amusing, experiences in our humane work during the past thirty-six years, and from the thinking over of which we now get much happiness, would require a volume.

In January, 1884, the Ladies' Pennsylvania Society P. C. A. decided to present a few gold medals to police officers who had particularly distinguished themselves for humanity, and asked us to address the police at the presentation. We at first declined on the ground that there were plenty of good speakers in Philadelphia and that we did not think it good policy to pick out from their large police half a dozen men as being more distinguished for humanity than all the rest; but as we were going to Washington about that time to address the School Board of that city, and the teachers of white and colored schools, and some other audiences, we finally consented to stop over at Philadelphia.

It was a splendid audience of eight hundred stalwart men and thirty-two officers, all in their best uniforms, with badges, belts, clubs, and perhaps revolvers in their pockets, that marched in to listen to an address on kindness to animals, and witness the presentation of gold medals to some half-dozen of their number. We tried to make it as successful as we could, though we thought it would be much better if the whole force were supplied with humane publications every month as our Boston police are, rather than to give half a dozen of them gold medals.

We began by telling them that we came to the hall with two wishes, and the first was that we wished them all a Happy New Year; as it was the 18th of January it made a widespread laugh and put them in good humor; and our second wish was that we were as

rich as Jay Gould; if we were we would have a whole trunk full of badges brought in and present one to every policeman in Philadelphia, because we thought that if any class of men were entitled to gold medals it was those men who were liable to be called upon at any hour of the day or night to risk their lives in defence of the lives and property of their fellow-citizens.

As the ex-Mayor presiding had told us that a large portion of the force were Irish, we related how the first law in the world for the prevention of cruelty to animals we owed to Ireland; how a famous English nobleman attempted to obtain a law, and was made so much fun of that he backed out and gave it up in despair; how then there came into the House of Commons from Galway, on the west coast of Ireland, Dick Martin, who was noted for two things:—first, he was very fond of animals, and second, he was very fond of fighting everybody whom he thought had insulted him—on that point he had a well established reputation. So one day he brought in a bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Some one gave a cock-crow; Martin stepped out at once on to the floor of the House of Commons and said he would be very much obliged for the name of the gentleman who had seen fit to insult him. The gentleman didn't give his name, and Martin, after waiting a minute, went back to his seat amid the cheers of the House of Commons, and his law was enacted and became the first law in the world for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

We then added that we wanted to say to all men in that audience of Irish birth or parentage, that it was a proud thing for old Ireland that the first law in the world for the prevention of cruelty to animals came from the brave heart and strong arm of a son of the green isle. Everything went off splendidly until it came to the distribution of the medals; but when the names of the recipients were read, a cloud went over the faces of nearly eight hundred men, many of whom probably thought themselves as humane as anybody and as well entitled to medals as those who received them.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR WORK IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

(From Boston Globe of Oct. 23rd.)

The Massachusetts state agent of the American Humane Education Society, A. Judson Leach of Boston, has been in Portsmouth several days organizing Bands of Mercy among the children. He received from Supt. Morrison permission to visit the public schools during school hours for this purpose, was cordially received by the different principals, who warmly endorsed the work in which he was engaged, and succeeding in enrolling practically all the pupils of every school.

Portsmouth is the second city in New Hampshire visited by Mr. Leach in his capacity of agent of the humane society, Nashua having been the first, and he is much pleased with the success of his mission in both places.

If I was going to paint a pikter of Faith, Affection and Honesty, I would paint mi dog looking up in mi face and waggin his tail.

JOSH BILLINGS.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

There lived in Auburn, N. Y., some sixty years ago, a clergyman, an intimate friend of my grandmother. This gentleman owned an exceedingly beautiful, fleet, and graceful sorrel mare, which bore the classic name of Diana. She was the admiration of the town, and the pride of the clergyman's family. But alas! one dark and stormy night the barn was boldly entered, and the beautiful Diana stolen from her stall. All efforts to discover the clever thief, though long and perseveringly continued, were useless. At last the family sorrowfully abandoned hope; another but inferior horse was purchased, to which, by the way, the children would not allow the occupancy of the old stall of their pet, for that, with everything else which had belonged to her, they insisted upon keeping sacred to her memory.

Nearly twenty years had passed, the clergyman's hair had grown white with age, and his children had become young men and women, when he chanced, one autumn, to be called on business to a remote part of the state. Having an easy chaise, he made the trip, as was not uncommon in those days, by private conveyance. He was riding slowly along a winding road, on the third morning of his journey, when his attention was forced from the beauties of the scenery to the strange behavior of an old horse confined in a pasture by the roadside. The creature seemed bent upon attracting the clergyman's notice; it pranced, snorted, and beat the fence with its forefeet, keeping all the time in line with the slowly moving chaise. Wondering a little as to the cause of such singular conduct, the clergyman drove along to the end of the pasture, and then turned from it down a road which branched off in an opposite direction. As he did so, he was startled by a cry of such human agony from the poor creature in the pasture that he instantly stopped his horse and looked back. There, at the corner of the fence she stood, her neck thrust despairingly forward, trembling in every muscle of her body, her eyes fixed upon him with an expression of utter, helpless misery, which strangely moved the tender-hearted clergyman. He now discovered that the head and face of the animal bore a marked resemblance to his lost Diana. Impressed by the likeness, he obeyed a sudden impulse, and drove rapidly back to a farmhouse near the pasture, where he found the farmer just getting up from his twelve o'clock dinner.

"Friend," said the clergyman, "is that your horse in the field yonder?"

"Yes; the mare's mine. I've had her about twenty years."

"Twenty years! May I ask where you got her, friend?"

"I bought her of a peddler, who cheated my wife on a gingham gown, but he didn't cheat me on that horse."

"Diana! as sure as I'm alive!" cried the clergyman, starting excitedly for the pasture, followed by the astonished farmer. He entered the field, and the moment the old mare caught sight of him, she rushed wildly forward, snorting with delight. Old and faded, rough and lame, the clergyman still unmistakably recognized his lost



"You can't buy a hair of this pony for fifty dollars."

This scene occurred in Krug Park, St. Joseph, Mo., at the visit of the Kansas (Mo.) Hotel Association. Mr. Ewing offered the boy \$50.00 for his pony. The boy said: "You can't buy a hair of him for fifty dollars." We take the above from the *Hotel Monthly* of Chicago, by kind permission of its publisher, Mr. John Willy.

beauty; and oh, the joy of Diana! Tenderly she licked her master's hands and face, lovingly nestled her head upon his shoulder, and at last, with something of her old coquettish ways, took the rim of his hat daintily between her teeth, and lifting it from his head, replaced it hind side before. "Never saw her do that before!" cried the farmer.

It was a trick which the clergyman himself had taught her, and which she had remembered during their twenty years of separation, to practice once more for her beloved master.

The farmer consented to part with Diana for a small sum, and she was welcomed back to her old home amid general rejoicing. There she lived, tenderly cared for, for several years, and there she died a painless death, expending her last breath in a vain attempt to lick her master's hand.

THE CELEBRATED HORSE, JIM KEY, AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

Tens of thousands of children who have seen this horse in Boston, and hundreds of thousands who have seen him in other parts of the United States, will be glad to know by a letter we have received from his owner, Mr. A. R. Rogers, that he has had a wonderful success at the St. Louis Exposition; nearly forty thousand boys and girls in the public schools of St. Louis have signed the pledge of the Jim Key Band of Mercy.

Mr. Rogers has put before us other plans of humane education about which we may be able to tell our readers in future issues of our paper, and which seem quite likely to result in vast good.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MARBLEHEAD, Nov. 10, 1904.

EDITOR OF "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

Dear Sir: I saw something on Summer street in Boston this afternoon which surely would have warmed the cockles of Mr. Angell's heart, had he been there; it was the sight of a big, burly driver of an express wagon hugging and talking "baby talk" to his horse (warmly blanketed, you may be sure) with his arms about its neck and his face close down to that of his equine friend. It was such a beautiful picture and the man looked so supremely happy that I quite forgot the conventionalities and Mother Grundy, and stood there for a full minute all unconscious that I was smiling broadly in the honest fellow's face, and that he was smiling back at me with that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. I didn't feel very much ashamed of it when I came to myself, and I went my way happier that it had been my good fortune to witness such a beautiful thing.

M. P. FABENS.

SAVED THE LIVES OF FORTY HORSES.

We are glad to know that the lives of forty horses were saved from a fire in a South Boston stable, a few nights since, by the brave efforts of several of our police, firemen and others.

DOCKED HORSES IN MILITARY PARADES.

We have recently read a severe attack in one of our leading papers on the riding of docked horses in military parades. If anything can be imagined more disgusting than to see a military officer or cavalry man mounted on a mutilated horse with its tail cut off and sticking up like a shoe-brush, we hardly know where it can be found.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

When Napoleon put an end to the mobs of Paris by ordering grape shot fired, first from his cannon, and afterwards blank cartridges, he really did a most merciful act.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, December, 1904.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month four hundred and fourteen new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of fifty-nine thousand six hundred and thirty-six.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller orders than five.

PREVENTION OF CRUELTY.

At the November meeting of the directors of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held on the 16th ult., President Angell reported that the society's agents have examined in their investigations 2,780 animals since last monthly report; have taken 150 horses from work and mercifully killed 132 horses and other animals.

That 414 new "Bands of Mercy" have been formed during the month, making a total of 59,636.

One thousand copies of the society's prize stories have been given to the teachers' fair, and several thousand otherwise distributed.

"BANDS OF MERCY."

Since our last monthly return our western organizer, Mr. Hubbard, has formed two hundred and twenty-three "Bands" in Indiana and Ohio, and our eastern organizer, Mr. Leach, one hundred and seventy-two "Bands" in Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

FINE OF \$190.

We have an interesting letter from Mr. George A. Graves of Kingston, Mass., giving an account of how numerous birds of various kinds come to his door every day for scraps of food, and for water, which is supplied them three times a day. The letter closes: "Some gunners were arrested on Saturday on the Jordan place, in Plymouth, for shooting robins. They had nineteen in a bag and were fined ten dollars for each bird—\$190 of fine."

IOWA.

It gives us pleasure to read the following letter from the Secretary of the Iowa Humane Society at Des Moines, Iowa:

DES MOINES, IOWA, October 27.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I want to tell you how very much we appreciate you and your paper, here in Iowa. We have a good society in the capital city, and societies in about twenty other cities in our state, with a great many "Bands of Mercy."

We talk of you at our meetings and the children know about you, as well as the little ones in your own state.

We all love you very much, and wish you may keep well and be spared many years to us.

Very sincerely your friend,

ELIZABETH D. JONES.

WISCONSIN.

We have a very full report from Mr. R. D. Whitehead, Superintendent of the Wisconsin Humane Society, of excellent work done from July 20th to October 20th.

It carries our mind pleasantly back to the work we did in Milwaukee some years ago in aiding the organization of that Society, and to a subsequent address we had the pleasure of giving in the State House at the State capital.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A NEW BUILDING.

(From the Boston Daily Advertiser of Nov. 4th).

When Pres. Angell's anti-cruelty society finds a suitable location it is going to have a home of its own. It has outgrown its present quarters on Milk Street, and proposes to go into the office building business like other charitable, religious and philanthropic societies. That is, it desires to lease or own a building so that it will have plenty of room for its own work and can sub-let the remainder to professional and business men.

OUR TWO HUNDRED DOLLAR PRIZE.

The time of competition for the two hundred dollar prize offered by our American Humane Education Society for the best story illustrating the sufferings of horses in war, ends on December 31st.

TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS AND TEACHERS.

We are anxious to increase our work in Sunday-schools, and for that purpose will send, as a beginning, to the first fifty Sunday-schools that write us, enclosing twenty cents in postage stamps, fifty numbers of recent date of *Our Dumb Animals*, to be distributed in the schools. Write Hon. Henry B. Hill or Geo. T. Angell, 19 Milk St.

NEARLY SIXTY THOUSAND "BANDS OF MERCY."

We have now nearly sixty thousand "Bands of Mercy." That means that between two and three millions of school children who have joined these organizations have had a talk to—about kindness which they will never forget, and taken the pledge, and that each of these organizations (in every state and territory) has received from us an outfit of humane publications and also this paper (*Our Dumb Animals*) for one year. It has cost us about sixty thousand dollars to carry out this work thus far, but can any one tell us of any better thing Massachusetts has ever done for the benefit of her sister states and territories than the founding and establishing of nearly sixty thousand "Bands of Mercy," with between two and three millions members?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"BLACK BEAUTY" AND OTHER HUMANE STORIES.

Our readers will remember that for the purpose of spreading humane education we have printed about two hundred thousand copies of three of our best prize stories: *Black Beauty*, *The Strike at Shane's*, and *Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst*, to be sold in quantities of not less than five hundred copies at two and one-half cents per copy, just about one-half the cost of printing them—which gives a grand opportunity for humane societies, Bands of Mercy, schools and Sunday-schools to distribute Christmas presents on a large scale, and we are glad to see that thousands of them are already being so distributed.

A merchant in one of our cities has been giving away some thousands of them as an advertisement of his store.

Write Hon. Henry B. Hill or myself, 19 Milk Street, Boston. GEO. T. ANGELL.

FINED EIGHTY DOLLARS.

We are glad to find in the Lawrence (Mass.) Evening Tribune of Oct. 22, also in the Lawrence Daily Eagle of Oct. 24, that Joseph Sassa has been fined in the Lawrence court by Associate Justice Dow, eighty dollars for shooting eight blue-birds, found in his possession.

LARGE ORDERS.

We are having large orders for our humane publications, perhaps in anticipation of Christmas.

Just before going to press we receive an order for one thousand more "Black Beauty," from Battle Creek, Michigan, also for a thousand copies of our "Service of Mercy," from Mt. Carmel, Ill.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS,
Secretary.
A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

Over fifty-nine thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over two million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word harmless from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also without cost, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.
2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.
3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.
4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.
5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings. "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

DOG SAVES TRAVELERS FROM DEATH.

(From the San Francisco Call.)

BOULDER CREEK, Oct. 20.—Tourists on their way to the State Park in a four-in-hand were saved from a frightful death on the Waterman Creek grade Tuesday by the sagacity of a dog.

The driver had alighted at a spring to drink, leaving the reins wrapped around the brake. A shot fired by a hunter near by frightened the horses and the animals plunged forward, pulling the reins loose and trailing them on the ground out of reach of those in the rig.

Along the edge of a frightful precipice dashed the horses. The vehicle was tossed about like a cork in the ocean. Death to the tourists seemed certain.

Suddenly the speed of the horses was checked. From their mad gallop they settled into a steady trot. With a prayer of thankfulness, the tourists leaped from the four-in-hand and one of them made a grasp for the reins. Then he saw to what was due their safety. It was the driver's dog.

The animal had leaped from the rig with his master. He was standing near the wheel when the horses started. When the reins fell he grasped them in his mouth and, though dragged over the rough and rocky road, held on. The weight of the dog's body and the strength with which the canine pulled on the reins was felt by the horses, and as they got over their fright they yielded to the pressure.

The dog, in the future, will be a regular passenger on the four-in-hand.

(From Boston Sunday Globe.)

THIS DOG MASQUERADED AS A BABY.

This is a real true dog story.

He is a pug and a great pet of his mistress, who is very fond of his fine pedigree. One day she discovered that "Teddie" could not see as well as usual. She felt as sad as if he were a brother or sister, and a famous oculist was consulted, who told her to bring her pet dog to him.



MY MISTRESS AND I.

This picture is one of about forty illustrations in "Master St. Elmo," the autobiography of a celebrated dog, written by Caro Senour, and published by the Juvenile Book Co., Chicago, Ill.

They started, but a great obstacle presented itself. Conductor after conductor insisted that the dog should not ride on his car; so it was only after getting on and off about a dozen times that the doctor's office was reached.

Teddie was as quiet as could be while having his eyes examined, and his mistress was told she must bring him every day for a month, and all would be done for him that was possible.

So Teddie's mistress went to a neighbor who had a small baby and borrowed an outfit that was not too dainty. Teddie kept very quiet while being dressed in the long white dress, then a cloak and muslin cap, and over the face a long white veil.

Thus they started. Immediately upon entering a car, if it was filled, up would jump a man to give the lady carrying a little baby a good seat. Teddie never wagged his little curled-up tail once, neither did he even bark.

One day the doctor's office was filled with people waiting their turn, when a lady turned politely to Teddie's mistress and said, "My turn comes next, but I will wait for you on account of your baby. It is so very tiresome to wait with a baby."

The doctor opened his door at that moment, and called them both in his private office. He said: "I will show you the very best patient I have," and took Teddie carefully in his arms.

He threw back the white veil and disclosed the dog's little pug nose and pert little face, looking out from under the frills of the cap.

Teddie can see pretty well out of one eye now. His mistress expected a huge bill for the expert's service, but instead she received a receipted bill from the good doctor, with a note saying that as Teddie was the first patient he had ever treated of royal dog blood, he esteemed it a great honor to have been the means of helping him.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday-schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$650.

In behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$25 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our creed and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 60 cents at office, or 70 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 50 cents at office, or 62 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

Canon Rowsley, on Saint Martin's, after describing good Saint Martin, added:

"Some of you, my friends, followers of the gentle Christ, come to worship, nay, come to the Supper of our Lord, wearing 'egret' plumes or 'ospreys' in your hats and bonnets. Do you realize that this 'egret' plume grows on the bird's back only at the time of nesting, and that to obtain one such feather involves the cruel death not only of the beautiful white mother heron, but of the whole nestful of its nearly-fledged offspring? What a price to pay for the pleasure of an egret plume! What a travesty of religion to be able to come into church decked with an egret feather and sing in the words of the Benedicite: 'O all ye fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord! praise Him and magnify Him forever!' What a mockery to kneel at Holy Communion, take the soldier's oath of allegiance unto the Lord—that gentle Lord of all compassion and mercy, that Lord who said 'Consider the fowls of the air!' who told us that not a sparrow falls to the earth unregarded by the Heavenly Father!"

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdie, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdie we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by Our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, No. 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdie or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1.) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.
- (2.) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

- (1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.
- (2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

- (1.) Avoid as far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.
- (2.) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.
- (3.) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.
- (4.) When gripe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

THE TERRIBLE STARVATION OF CATTLE ON OUR WESTERN PLAINS.

There comes to our table a terrible account of the starvation of cattle on our western plains, by E. K. Whitehead, secretary of the Colorado State Bureau of Child and Animal Protection.

When we were at work in Minneapolis some years ago, the wife of Governor Pillsbury of Minnesota told us of the terrible stench coming to passengers on her train from California, from the putrefying bodies of the cattle that had died of starvation.

We have published a vast deal on this subject in *Our Dumb Animals* and elsewhere, and had supposed that the starvation of cattle on our western plains had been largely discontinued, but this paper of Mr. Whitehead, whom we consider a perfectly reliable informant, tells a different story. We copy from it a few facts as specimens of the whole:

"In the winter of 1902-3," he says, "on a single ranch in Texas, five hundred thousand dollars' worth of cattle died; on many ranches half were lost; on some three-quarters, and on almost all, many; while all the rest went down to the very verge of death, and suffered all its pain without its relief.

"Imagine a single animal in December, already gaunt from hunger, cold and thirst (for of the three, thirst is the most terrible), imagine this wretched creature wandering about on an illimitable plain, covered with snow; with nothing to eat except, here and there, buried under the snow, a sparse tuft of scanty, moss-like grass; eating snow for days and weeks, because there is nothing to drink; by day wandering in the snow; by night lying down in it; swept by pitiless winds and icy storms; always shivering with cold; always gnawed with hunger; always parched with thirst; always searching for something to eat, where there is nothing; always staring with dumb, hopeless eyes, blinded, swollen and festering from the sun's glare on the wastes of snow. Imagine that, and imagine yourself enduring one hour of it. Multiply that hour by twenty-four. Multiply that period by the slow-moving days and nights from December to April—if life lasts that long. Multiply that by forty millions, and you have the statistics of brute-suffering in this one way, for one year and every year, in this unspeakable trade. Take all the suffering of dumb animals in the city of New York for a year, and it would not offset that of the cattle on some ranches in a single day."

Now what is the remedy?

Answer: The humane education we are trying to carry all over our country by the circulation of our literature, the sending this paper every month to the editorial offices of every paper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, the forming in our schools and Sunday-schools of our sixty thousand Bands of Mercy, and other measures by which we hope, sooner or later, to awaken all our Christian churches and all humane men and women to the importance of this great subject.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Blessed are the merciful."

STARVING CATTLE ON A RAILROAD TRAIN.

We are glad to know that the Somerset County (New Jersey) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, finding fifty-four cows starving to death in a cattle car on a siding of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, broke into the car and released the cattle, and are going to hold the railroad responsible for the sad condition of these poor creatures which had been five days in transit without food or water.

CHRIST AMONG THE CATTLE.

A sermon preached in the First Congregational Church, Portland, Oregon, by Fred-eric Rowland Marvin, comes to our table. Where printed or sold, if it is sold, does not appear, but it is certainly one of the most powerful pleas for the animal creation we have ever seen in print. We do most earnestly wish that every clergyman in America would have on Thanksgiving or Christmas Day a sermon about "Christ among the Cattle," including in the word *cattle*, as the sermon before us does, all the (so-called) lower animals.

LIABILITY OF ELECTRIC CAR COMPANIES.

We have noticed a number of accidents, some of them resulting in deaths, on our electric car lines since the falling of the leaves by the slipping of the cars over the wet leaves. It seems to us that there may be a somewhat similar danger during the winter from ice on the rails, and that all such accidents may be prevented with a proper supply of sand at each end of the car.

Although we have been out from the practice of the law for over thirty years, we think our courts will hold, in suits for damages, that the car companies are required to use every practicable means in their power for the prevention of such accidents.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A FRIGHTENED COW.

No man who owns a cow can afford to have her afraid of him. It is a loss to the owner every time she is frightened. To run a cow to pasture is throwing money away. Make pets of the cows and they will make money for the owner. The milk of a frightened or abused cow is poisonous.



KINDNESS.

KINDNESS.

The following, from the Butte (Montana) *Miner*, is one of the many kind editorials we are often receiving from different parts of our country, and which help to make our life enjoyable:

Kindness to animals, like every other good thing, is its own reward.

George T. Angell, editor and publisher of *Our Dumb Animals*, must have discovered this truth long since, as for more than a quarter of a century he has been advocating with voice and pen "kindness, justice and mercy to every living creature," and that his efforts have been rewarded can be surmised from the fact that his publication, *Our Dumb Animals*, goes each month to the editorial rooms of every paper and magazine in America north of Mexico.

For more than thirty years he has written untiringly in behalf of the dumb creatures whose only protest against the inhumanity of man is silence.

He is now president of two humane societies, the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

His work has covered the enactment of many laws for the protection of animals and the publication and sale at less than their cost of thousands upon thousands of books gotten up in the interest of humane education.

In a single year his societies have printed more than one hundred and twenty million pages of humane literature, and have already caused to be established nearly sixty thousand "Bands of Mercy."

He has offered the college students of America prizes for the best essays on the importance of humane education, and has supplied college libraries all over our country with humane publications, and also sent to the students in those colleges some seventy thousand copies of condensed information on the subject.

He has caused over three million copies of *Black Beauty* to be distributed in America and elsewhere, many thousands of them printed in foreign languages, and he has

caused to be scattered broadcast hundreds of thousands of copies of prize stories whose themes were animals and their treatment.

Recently the two societies of which he is president have been remembered in a bequest from Arioeh Wentworth to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars each.

A portion of the gift has already been expended to aid in the establishment of watering troughs for horses with cups for travelers, in country towns in Massachusetts, with the words, "Blessed are the Merciful" inscribed thereon.

This is a practical charity beside which the creation of public libraries sinks into insignificance.

A cup of cold water in His name exemplifies the Christian character, and the refreshing draught at a public fountain, cooling the parched throats and throbbing blood of weary horses is something in the nature of a gift from heaven to those who labor and are heavy laden, and the inscription that is to be placed on every fountain is full of meaning.

In comparison with the watering trough the most splendid example of the sculptor's skill becomes "splendidly null," but the monuments erected by George T. Angell to human kindness go far toward attuning life to finer issues than the Golden Ages knew.

DISTRIBUTED AT OUR PEACE CONGRESS.

We distributed at our great Peace Congress many copies of our October paper, and received the thanks of various prominent members. The following letter from a Massachusetts gentleman, who has been well known as a member of our Senate and House, and who was deeply interested in our Peace Congress, seems to express the matter fairly:—

"DEAR MR. ANGELL:

The October number of *Our Dumb Animals* was worthy of all commendation. The horrors of war were presented in a most striking manner, and I think this paper (going to every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico) must have accomplished much good."

We sent marked copies of the paper, as usually, to the editorial offices of all newspapers and magazines in America north of Mexico.

THE GRAY HEAD BY THE HEARTH.

A private letter from a lady who is spending the year among the peasants of Tyrol, says: "The morning after our arrival we were awakened by the sound of a violin and flutes under the window, and hurrying down found the little house adorned as for a feast—garlands over the door and wreathing a high chair which was set in state.

"The table was already covered with gifts brought by the young people whose music we had heard. The whole neighborhood were kinsfolk, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far-off degree. They were very simple, for the donors are poor—knitted gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars of fruit, loaves of bread; but upon all some little message of love was pinned.

"Is there a bride in this house?' I asked of my landlord.

"Ach, nein!' he said. 'We do not make such pother about our young people. It is the grandmother's birthday.'

"The grandmother in her spectacles, white apron and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits, and dealing out slices from a sweet loaf to each who came. I could not but remember certain grandmothers at home, whose dull, sad lives were never brightened by any such pleasure as this; and I thought we could learn much from these poor mountaineers.—*Youth's Companion*.

(For *Our Dumb Animals*.)

A TRUE STORY.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my creatures ye did it also unto me."

ONLY A DOG.

Oh, how tired he was, the poor dog!

Day was waning. Up and down Tremont street throngs of people all busied with themselves, all careless of the poor creature who lagged and stumbled and at last dropped down at their feet just where he was sure to be most in the way of those who were coming up Temple Place, as well as of those who were on the broader pavement of Tremont street.

On they went, these hustling people, swaying aside in two varying currents as they found that some one must yield the way and that the dog would not.

And there he crouched till one came who was as hurried as the swiftest walker there, but who stopped instantly to respond to the silent appeal for sympathy.

She stroked his poor head until the dim eyes were raised to her and then she tried to coax him to get up and go with her to the office of the S. P. C. A. on Milk street, where he could be housed and sheltered.

Ah no! He was spent. Perhaps he did not believe in anybody just then. Had he not run hither and yon in search of some last friend and been repulsed, and bidden to "get on," and heard only strange voices when he craved a loving tone, until he was too cowered to ask more? He would not commune with her. No. He was so tired.

She, who always thinks of a wise expedient, did not tarry longer, but went straightway to Dooling's dainty restaurant and walking up to the counter asked for a saucer of raw meat.

This was quite amazing to the attendants of a man who does not cater for ghouls nor cannibals; so all traditionary store manners were not equal to the strain and the girl said: "What do you want raw meat for?"

"There is such a tired dog out on the corner. I can't make him get up. Of course I must not leave him out there all night. If I can get him to eat something, perhaps he will go with me then down to the Dumb Animal Society, where his owner may find him."

The girl gave the very unusual order through the speaking tube for a saucer of raw meat cut up fine. When it came up, she passed it over the counter to the lady, whose purse was open. "We don't take pay for such service," she said, smilingly. The lady knew the kindly will that prompted

this and took the saucer without another word.

Bit by bit the hungry dog ate what she brought and then laid his head down again; no persuasion could move him to any action.

Finding herself powerless, away hied the gentle lady down to the Society rooms in Milk street, and asked them to send up for the dog.

The gentleman sitting in the office said: "Our man has gone to the home in Brighton; he will not come in again until to-morrow morning. If you can only keep the animal this one night, I will telephone for a cab which shall carry you to the place where the dog is and take you both to your house, at our expense. In the morning we will send for him and try to find his master."

The lady consented. But while she was speaking there were sounds in the hall, and some one spoke of a stray dog. The gentleman sprang up with, "I should not wonder if that were your dog." Even as he spoke a gentleman came in, half leading, half carrying the very creature for whom she had been pleading.

He, too, had stopped as he was running "to catch his train," and, unwilling to leave the dog, with a more persuasive force than the tender lady could use, had brought it with him.

The Society took charge of the lost animal and the gentle lady sped away happy in the consciousness of the kind act she had done. E. L.

DOG FINDS A DOCTOR'S HORSE.

ANIMAL STOLEN FROM DOCTOR DISCOVERED BY OLD COMPANION.

PATERSON, N. J., Sept. 20.—A St. Bernard dog this morning solved a mystery on which the police have been working for two months without success. Last July Dr. Rinar Deutscher missed a valuable horse from his home on Van Houten street. The companion of the horse was Rex, a St. Bernard, which had slept in the stable for two years and accompanied the doctor on his professional calls.

The doctor notified the police when he found that his horse was gone. They worked on the case for two months in vain. No horse answering to the description of that missing from the doctor's stable could be found.

This morning, while the doctor was driving down Main street, Rex leaped from the carriage-seat beside the doctor and began to bark and prance in front of a horse drawing a marketman's wagon. The dog was so persistent in his refusal to answer his master's call that the doctor investigated. The horse recognized his master and the marketman was turned over to the police.

The man was an Italian and gave his name as Marphi Conni, of 193 Beach street. He said he bought the horse a week ago at a sale in Hackensack. He is held until the police investigate his story.

Dr. Deutscher had passed his horse a dozen times before, but as the animal's tail had been docked, the mane cut and the hair clipped, besides the coat changed by dyes, the doctor did not recognize his own property until the dog claimed his former friend.

Sun, New York, Sept. 20, '04.

CAT REFUSED TO DIE.

HOW AN INTELLIGENT PUSSY BALKED A UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR'S LECTURE.

Students of one of the big universities in this city have a cat that has utterly refused to become a martyr to science. Its history is another instance of the refining and elevating influence of science.

Prof. Blank asked J. P. Morgan, the janitor, to get a cat for him, as he wished to illustrate his lecture on "Respiration" by experiments upon the animal. Mr. Morgan succeeded in getting one with the aid of some small boys. When his students had assembled the professor put the cat into the glass receiver of the air pump and began to pump out the air. Before the piston had time to move more than once or twice the cat began to feel very uncomfortable, and discovering the aperture through which the air was escaping, put her foot on it and thus corked the pipe and stopped the removal of the air.

Several subsequent attempts to carry on the experiments were alike ineffectual, for as soon as the glass cover was put over her and she felt the removal of the air, the cat would put her feet over the pipe and keep them pressed there.

The students, struck by the remarkable intelligence shown by the cat, asked the professor to liberate the animal, and loudly cheered her self-possession when the cat, after coolly cleaning herself and smoothing her ruffled fur, jumped down and rubbed itself against the legs of the students sitting on the front bench. She is now permanently annexed to the college and an object of interest to all visitors.

Chicago Times-Herald.

A CAT CLIMBS A CHURCH STEEPLE.

HOW IT WAS RESCUED.

One beautiful summer evening the avenues were thronged with people on their way to church. At a corner several persons were standing, gazing apparently into the air. Others soon joined them, until so large a crowd was gathered that the way was blocked. Soon the windows along the street were thronged, and a number of persons were seen on the tops of the houses in the neighborhood.

And what do you think they saw? Clinging for dear life to a jutting ornament, near the top of the tall church steeple that pointed straight up into the soft evening air, was a black cat. "How did it get there?" was the first question every one asked, and "How will it get down?" was the next.

The poor thing was looking down, and at frequent intervals it uttered a pitiful cry, as if calling to the crowd below for help. Once it slipped and fell a short distance down the sloping side of the steeple, and an exclamation of pity came from the crowd, now intensely interested in its fate. Luckily the cat's paws caught on another projection, and for the moment it was safe.

Some looker-on suggested that it be shot in order to save it from the more dreadful death that seemed to await it; but no one was willing to fire the shot. Ere long a little window some distance above the place where the cat was clinging was seen to open. Two boys had determined to save it; they had mounted the stairs to where the bell hung, and then by a ladder reached the window. The boys were seen to be lowering a basket down the side of the steeple.

Pussy watched it intently as it slowly came nearer and nearer. When it was within reach, she carefully put out one paw, and took hold of the side of the basket, then as carefully repeated the action with the other paw, then with a violent effort flung herself over the side into the bottom of the basket. She was safely drawn to the window, amid loud cheers from the spectators below.—*St. Nicholas.*

CAT CALLED THE RESERVES.

KITTEN PLAYED WITH PUSH BUTTONS ON POLICE SERGEANT'S DESK.

(From the News, Indianapolis, Ind.)

PITTSBURG, September 29.—A pet kitten belonging to one of the sergeants at Central police station yesterday called out all the reserve police force and sent in a riot call, which brought all the officers, sleeping in the station, rushing in half dressed.

The electric buttons with which the calls are turned in are at the side of the sergeant's desk. The kitten, while in the vacant chair at the lunch hour, began playing with the buttons, with the result that both calls were sent in almost simultaneously. Business was slow, but in a minute the officers were startled to see two patrol wagons dashing up from the stables, while half-dressed policemen ran in from all directions, carrying the remainder of their uniforms in their hands.



MY KITTY.

SHE SAVED THEM ALL.

During the last summer we passed some time at Intervale, N. H., and this little incident, occurring some years ago, was brought to our notice.

At a fire in Mr. Tasker's boarding-house, Intervale, N. H., a cat was seen coming out with a kitten in her mouth. Depositing it in a place of safety she flew back into the burning building and brought out another. Back and forth the poor mother ran until every one of the litter was saved. *Who could have done more?*

DANGER OF OUR AMERICAN RAILROADS.

We see by an exceedingly interesting editorial in the *Boston Herald* of Oct. 29, that in a single year the deaths on the railroads in Great Britain were 644, while on American railroads they were 3787, being about six times as many, the total number of passengers in Great Britain being very much larger than those carried on American roads. How can this be improved?

As we have said before, and some years ago proposed to some of our railroad superintendents, we think it would be a wise plan to have our railroads set apart each year as an accident fund about the average amount they have been required to pay for accidents, and at the close of each year distribute among their employees (upon whose care depends the prevention of accidents), all of the accident fund that shall remain unexpended; then have in their principal depots locked boxes, in which all employees are requested to drop, either signed or not, any and every suggestion that may tend to prevent accidents. We think in this way that overworked men, sleepy men, men

who use intoxicating liquors, and every other kind of a man who is dangerous to the safety of passengers and the property of the roads, would be soon found out. All employees interested in the accident fund would not only be more careful themselves but would be more active in watching and reporting to the company others who were not.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A BULL BAIT.

A number of years ago we decided to hold a public meeting in the old Boston Music Hall, and easily secured our governor, mayor, and some others to speak, but on consideration were afraid that they might have to speak to a thin audience, and so decided to go to Cambridge and ask Ole Bull, for whom in previous years we had done considerable law business, to kindly agree to play for us *The Carnival of Venice*. Unfortunately at the time of meeting, at the proper point in the programme, we were compelled to announce that we had received a telegram from Ole Bull that he was quite sick and unable to be present. We secured an audience of some twenty-five hundred or three thousand people, but the *Boston Evening Transcript* in its next issue had the cruelty to say that it was a regular bull bait.

When Ole Bull died in Norway, if we remember rightly, something like a hundred thousand of his countrymen attended the funeral.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

THE STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

The statue of Frederick the Great to be erected at Washington, to be followed possibly, as has been suggested, by the statues of Napoleon, Caesar and Alexander, strikes us very unpleasantly.

If statues are to be erected at all, they should be of American soldiers, like Grant who was thoroughly for peace, and Sherman who said that "war is hell," and some of the more eminent of the Southern generals in our civil war, who fought not for glory but because they deemed it a duty to the states where they were born and lived.

If the statues of Frederick the Great and Napoleon are to be built, we should like to have inscribed in the largest and most prominent letters on the pedestals: "*War is Hell*," and with them we would like the statue of William Penn who, when all the other colonies were fighting the Indians, lived in perfect peace with all the tribes around him.

Many years ago we gave twenty-five dollars towards starting a fund for the erection of a monument at Washington to the heroes and heroines, living and dead, who had been fighting yellow fever in our Southern cities and towns. I would like to see that monument, with a monument to William Penn, erected very near to the monuments of Frederick the Great and Napoleon.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

Under the head of "Special Providences" we stated in our October issue that we were authorized by the Secretary of War, during our civil war, to attend to the legal business of some fourteen hundred prisoners of war confined in Fort Warren, Boston harbor, then under command of Col. Dimmock, with whom we dined every day, and who related to us his sufferings while in command of Fortress Monroe at the breaking out of the war, and how, when he was relieved by Massachusetts troops under Gen. Butler, he was completely prostrated.

We have now the following letter from Henry Walker, adjutant of the 4th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, 1861:

"GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.

"Dear Sir:—In your issue of October under the head of "Special Providences," you print an historical error. Col. Dimmock was in command of Fort Monroe in April, 1861, but Gen. Butler had nothing to do with relieving him.

"Very early Saturday morning, April 22, the 4th Mass. Regiment, Col. Packard, landed at Fort Monroe, the first of the Union troops so to do. Late in the afternoon the 3rd Mass., Col. Wardrop, arrived. Gen. Butler did not appear there until May 31st.

"To Col. Dimmock and his little force of regulars and to the said two Massachusetts regiments, the country owes thanks that the largest fort in the country, the military key to Norfolk, to Richmond via the James River, and to Washington via Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac, was not captured by the Confederates. It was strange they did not capture Washington and Fort Monroe, for to my mind both were in their power."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CASES OF CRUELTY INVESTIGATED.

The whole number of animals examined in the investigation of complaints since last report has been 2,780.

150 horses were taken from work, and 132 horses and other animals were mercifully killed.

ABOUT ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

St. Francis of Assisi loved animals to such a degree that his habitual tenderness towards them attached them to him, and gave rise to numerous miraculous legends pictured in many of the Catholic churches. He believed that all created things had derived from God a portion of the same divine principle by which he himself existed, and acting upon this belief he was in the habit of calling everything brother or sister. When walking he was careful not to tread upon any insect in his path, and would even pick them up and remove them to a place of safety, lest others should crush them. It is recorded of him that *birds built their nests in his cell, and fearlessly picked up crumbs from his table*; that when he walked in the fields *sheep and lambs flocked after him, and hares and rabbits jumped upon him and nestled in his bosom*.

ABOUT THE CLERGY.

A letter comes to us making great complaints that the clergy have so little to say in their sermons about our humane work.

Well, we know something about clergymen; our father was a clergyman; our uncle was a clergyman; our cousin was a clergyman, and we feel great consideration for clergymen who have wives and families to support, and no money, and in several of our Protestant denominations are compelled to speak very carefully on matters of their congregations. But public sentiment is now rapidly changing, and we think the time is not far distant when many of them will be preaching more plainly in regard to our work than they have preached before.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

QUIETED BY A PHOTOGRAPHER.

A friend of ours took her 4-year-old girl to a photographer. The child couldn't be made to sit still. He of the camera vainly worked every device of gentle persuasion to make the little wriggler sit still, and finally said to the despairing mother:

"Madam, if you will leave the little dear alone with me a few minutes I think I can succeed."

The mother had scarcely withdrawn when she was summoned back by the triumphant photographer, who exhibited a satisfactory negative. When they reached home the mother asked:

"Nellie, what did the man say to you when I left you alone with him?"

"He said," lisped Nellie, "thit thtill, you little rathcal or I'll shake you!"—*Buffalo Express*.

In winter feed the birds.

Do not let your cats or dogs disturb the sleep of your sick or well neighbors.

Kind words, a gentle voice and a little petting will accomplish vastly more than any amount of yelling.

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God."

Don't forget your cat or make your dog run with your bicycle.

Fat man (in a hurry)—"I'll give you \$5 to get me to the station in three minutes." Cabman (with provoking slowness)—"Well, sorr, you might bribe me but you can't bribe that horse."

YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TELL WHO IS GOVERNOR.

[SOMETIMES IT IS THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE].

Many years ago William H. Seward, when Governor of New York, took a seat by the driver on the outside of a stage-coach running to one of the interior towns.

The driver thought his passenger was a little out of the ordinary run, and had a curiosity to know who and what he was. So, after a while, he asked him whether he was a traveling preacher, to which the Governor responded, "No." In the course of the next hour he suggested other occupations of his passenger, to all of which he responded, "No." At last his curiosity became so strong that he said: "Well, stranger, what are you, anyhow?" Mr. Seward answered, "Governor." "Governor of what?" said the driver. "Governor of New York." "Git out," said the driver, "you can't come that on me." Just then they were entering a little village, and the Governor saw ahead, by the side of the road, a man whom he knew. "Well, when you get along to that man standing there, pull up for a minute." So the driver pulled up his horses and Mr. Seward said to the man: "Am I the Governor of New York, Mr. B—?" "No," replied the man. Mr. Seward, considerably astonished, said: "Then who is?" "Thurlow Weed."

The above story suggests to us that the apparent and real Governors are not always the same.

Mother—"Tommy, how are you coming on at school?"

Tommy—"First rate, ma."

"Mention the names of some of the domestic animals."

"The horse, the dog, the pig."

"What animal is that which lives mostly in the house, but often makes a dreadful noise so that people cannot sleep?"

"Four-legged animal?"

"Yes."

"Don't let people sleep?"

"Yes."

Tommy (triumphantly), "Piano."—*Golden Days*.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF A GULL.

It is well known that sea-gulls never seem to rest; that day after day they will follow a ship, flying easily and without apparent fatigue. You should see them when one of the big vessels leaves the Golden Gate harbor, San Francisco.

A hundred or more brown bodies, with long sweeping wings, fly off in the wake of the transport. The steward's premises are very soon invaded by passengers gathering up waste bread and food for the birds.

Upon my recent trip one of the gulls dropped fluttering upon the deck, apparently ill. A soldier picked it up, took it to his quarters and fed and cared for it until it became strong again. Then he allowed it to fly away.

But the bird had not forgotten him. Every day it would alight on the deck and wait for this particular man to come and feed it. It followed the boat to Honolulu and finally to Manila, and where it remained during the two weeks that the transport lay in Manila, I do not know; but when the vessel turned seaward again, bound for Nagasaki, there was the gull resting on the stern, and it remained with the ship until it passed the Farallone Islands.

I have often wondered how men ever come to forget about the sweet and beautiful comradeship that exists between humans and the birds. Some day I am very sure that we shall remember.

From the *New Century Path*, Oct. 9, 1904.

The Italian is the most organic man in the world.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Across the German Ocean,
In a country far from our own,
Once a poor little boy, named Gottlieb,
Lived with his mother alone.

They dwelt in the part of a village
Where the houses were poor and small,
But the home of the little Gottlieb,
Was the poorest one of all.

He was not large enough to work,
And his mother could do no more
(Though she scarcely lay her knitting down)
Than keep the wolf from the door.

She had to take their threadbare clothes,
And turn, and patch, and darn;
For never any woman yet
Grew rich by knitting yarn.

And oft at night, beside her chair,
Would Gottlieb sit, and plan
The wonderful things he would do for her,
When he grew to be a man.

One night she sat and knitted,
And Gottlieb sat and dreamed,
When a happy fancy all at once
Upon his vision beamed.

"Twas only a week till Christmas,
And Gottlieb knew that then
The Christ-child that was born that day,
Sent down good gifts to men.

But he said, "He will never find us,
Our home is so mean and small.
And we, who have most need of them,
Will get no gifts at all."

When all at once, a happy light
Came into his eyes so blue,
And lighted up his face with smiles,
As he thought what he could do.

Next day when the postman's letters
Came from all over the land;
Came one for the Christ-child written
In a child's poor trembling hand.

You may think he was sorely puzzled
What in the world to do;
So he went to the Burgomaster,
As the wisest man he knew.

And when they opened the letter,
They stood almost dismayed
That such a little child should dare
To ask the Lord for aid.

Then the Burgomaster stammered,
And scarce knew what to speak,
And hastily he brushed aside
A drop, like a tear, from his cheek.

Then up he spoke right gruffly,
And turned himself about:
"This must be a very foolish boy,
And a small one, too, no doubt."

But when six rosy children
That night about him pressed,
Poor, trusting little Gottlieb
Stood near him, with the rest.

And he heard his simple, touching prayer,
Through all their noisy play;
Though he tried his very best to put
The thought of him away.

A wise and learned man was he,
Men called him good and just;
But his wisdom seemed like foolishness,
By that weak child's simple trust.

Now when the morn of Christmas came,
And the long, long week was done,
Poor Gottlieb, who scarce could sleep,
Rose up before the sun.

And hastened to his mother,
But he scarce might speak for fear,
When he saw her wondering look,
And the Burgomaster near.

He wasn't afraid of the Holy Babe,
Nor his mother, meek and mild;
But he felt as if so great a man
Had never been a child.

Amazed the poor child looked, to find
The hearth was piled with wood,
And the table never full before,
Was heaped with dainty food.

Then half to hide from himself the truth
The Burgomaster said,
While the mother blessed him on her knees,
And Gottlieb shook for dread.

"Nay, give no thanks, my good dame,
To such as me for aid,
Be grateful to your little son,
And the Lord to whom he prayed!"

Then turning round to Gottlieb,
"Your written prayer, you see,
Came not to whom it was addressed,
It only came to me!"

"Twas but a foolish thing you did,
As you must understand;
For though the gifts are yours, you know,
You have them from my hand."

Then Gottlieb answered fearlessly,
Where he humbly stood apart,
"But the Christ-child sent them all the same
He put the thought in your heart!"

DOG SAVED THE GUESTS.

(From the New York Sun.)

Fire recently destroyed the Wilmington Steamboat Company's Gordon Heights Hotel, at Gordon Heights, causing a loss of \$20,000. During the fire a large dog, named Duke, rushed through the house, arousing the inmates by his loud barking and leading them safely through the smoke-filled corridors until they reached the outside. He continued his work until the flames drove him out, singeing off his hair and burning him so badly that it is feared he will not recover.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

Many years ago we had the pleasure of addressing a large audience in this university city and are glad to receive a letter from the Superintendent of its Board of Education, Mr. Herbert M. Slauson, telling of the good work their humane society has been doing there. Special instruction in the matter of humanity has been given in all the public schools, with most excellent results. The birds are fearless and the squirrels feed from the hands of the children.

Mr. Slauson writes us of plans for still larger influence of our humane work in Ann Arbor. Considering the vast number of students gathered there, mostly from the middle and western states, it is a field of great promise, and we shall be most glad to do everything in our power to aid Mr. Slauson's plans. GEO. T. ANGELL.

[From Pleasant Recollections.]

A SUNDAY IN DOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

In January, 1886, we were invited to address a union meeting of all the churches in Dover, New Hampshire, in the city hall, which would seat about fifteen hundred people, and agreed to do so on Sunday, January 17th.

On our arrival at Dover Saturday night we enquired whether the Catholics were to come in with the rest. "Oh, no," was the reply: "Father Murphy is a terrible fellow, and it was of no use to say anything to him about it."

Having a curiosity to see such a terrible fellow, we called at his house early Sunday morning and in less than five minutes he said: "I will give you the whole time of



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

[Frontispiece of "A Woman of the World," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, just published by L. C. Page & Co.]

It gives us pleasure to present to our readers the face of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who is doing a grand work for our humane societies both in her poems and prose writings. GEO. T. ANGELL.

my Sunday-school," which was so large that they could not be got into the hall together, and we were compelled to speak twice. Before the time of meeting, Father Murphy had planted in the best seats in the front of the city hall about five hundred parochial school children, and had given out notice to his parish, and when the regular time of meeting came the hall was absolutely crammed full, and some fifteen hundred Protestants, it was said, couldn't get in. In fact, the President of the New Hampshire Society was told that it was no use for him to try to get in, as he could not do it.

So we addressed there all the Protestant clergymen of the city on the platform, and a pretty large portion of the Catholics of Dover. The Boston Globe gave a very funny report of the whole thing, including a picture in which we were represented as the centre of a circle, and the doctors of divinity all around us shaking their clenched fists at us because we had invited the Catholics. As our invitation was to address all the churches of Dover, and as we thought the Catholics as well as Protestants would not be harmed by a talk on kindness to animals, we think our action was correct.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE "NEW YORK HERALD."

We read in The Horse World, copied from the New York Herald, a most painful description of the tortures inflicted upon rich men's horses in that city, including the high check-reins.

"O ye ladies [says the Herald] who compel your horses to wait at the theatre, the shop and house of an acquaintance for hours together—think what agony you might prevent by a little thought for the dumb beasts who serve you so well!"

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

59273 Providence, R. I. Wide Awake. P., Grace E. Kelleher.	59322 No. 3. P., M. D. Boyd.	59372 Ambush School Bands. Willing Hands. P., Miss Rachel Daley.	59419 No. 10. P., Miss Weber.	59465 Div. 4. P., B. S. Colburn.
59274 Thoughtful. P., Madeleine E. Cooney.	59323 No. 4. P., Josephine Buhl.	59373 Acorn. P., Miss Julia E. Gray.	59420 No. 11. P., Miss Clayton.	59466 Div. 5. P., Mollie Perkins.
59275 Willing Workers. P., Alice F. White.	59324 No. 5. P., C. E. Heitbrink.	59374 Slater School. Aster Band. P., Miss Bertha Howard.	59421 No. 12. P., Mr. Yost.	59467 Spaulding School Bands. Div. 1.
59276 Victorious. P., M. Estelle Devenish.	59325 No. 6. P., Idez Treublood.	59375 The Junior Band. P., Mrs. L. F. Sherwin.	59422 No. 13. P., Miss Morning Star.	59468 Div. 2. P., N. D. Hayes.
59277 Kind Hearted. P., Ellen McCallis.	59326 No. 7. P., Elma Test.	59376 Los Angeles, Cal. The United Band. P., Mrs. Jerik.	59423 No. 14. P., Miss Conrad.	59469 Div. 3. P., F. C. Chapman.
59278 Good Will. P., Francesca de Cosgrove.	59327 No. 8. P., K. Parsons.	59377 Lenoir, N. C. Fourth Grade Band. P., Miss Laura L. Faucette.	59424 No. 15. P., Miss Bennett.	59470 Div. 4. P., L. M. Ferrin.
59279 Golden Rule. P., J. M. Macomb.	59328 No. 9. P., A. Steen.	59378 Spokesville, Pa. The Alert Band. P., Raymond Stahl.	59425 No. 16. P., Miss Hunt.	59471 Div. 5. P., M. A. Rand.
59280 Sunshine. P., Gertrude P. Prouty.	59329 No. 10. P., M. A. O'Neal.	59379 The Loyal Band. P., Miss Zola Mansfield.	59426 No. 17. P., Miss Smith.	59472 Franklin School Bands. Div. 1.
59281 Be Kind to All. P., Helen S. Mann.	59330 Finley School Bands. No. 1. P., C. V. Reese.	59380 Albany, Ore. Golden Rule Band. P., Miss Leona Frances.	59427 Burwell, Neb. Beautiful Joe Band. P., Cecil Laveriv.	59473 Div. 2. P., A. L. McDonough.
59282 Little Helpers. P., Anna C. Edgecomb.	59331 No. 2. P., C. L. Salter.	59381 New York City, N. Y. Angell Band. P., Miss Gertrude Ferguson.	59428 Salt Lake City, Utah. Waterloo Band. P., Marjorie Stevenson.	59474 Haven School Bands. Div. 1.
59283 Kind Boys and Girls. P., Anna O. Foster.	59332 No. 3. P., E. Annie Wilson.	59382 Spokesville, Pa. The Angell Band. P., Miss Ruth Phillippi.	59429 London, Ontario. Aberdeen Band. P., Robert King.	59475 Div. 2. P., J. M. Long.
59284 West Manchester, N. H. Jr. Band. P., Miss Sarah Morrill.	59333 No. 4. P., Lulu Morman.	59383 Richmond, Ind. High School Bands. No. 1. P., T. A. Mott.	59430 Boonton, N. J. L. T. L. Band. P., Mrs. J. T. Turner.	59476 Div. 3. P., M. F. Rothwell.
59285 Manitowoc, Wis. 5th Ward School Band. P., Lester Reuther.	59334 No. 5. P., Katherine Cox.	59384 No. 2. P., D. R. Ellalarger.	59431 Piper City, Ill. Loyal Defenders Band. P., Miss Hattie Rahtge.	59477 Div. 4. P., J. B. Gibson.
59286 Fort Worth, Texas. South Side Mission Bands. Div. 11. P., Mrs. Metzler.	59335 No. 6. P., M. R. Friedley.	59385 No. 3. P., Miss Hawkins.	59432 Burwell, Neb. Forks Band. P., Mrs. D. E. Anderson.	59478 Div. 5. P., C. W. Knox.
59287 Div. 12. P., Mrs. Metzler.	59336 No. 7. P., Alice E. Winder.	59386 No. 4. P., F. L. Torrence.	59433 Bloomingdale, N. Y. Primary Band. P., Vivian Bigelow.	59479 Div. 6. P., Martha Farmington.
59288 Richmond, Ind. Warner School Bands. No. 1. P., Miss H. A. Thompson.	59337 No. 8. P., M. L. Schofield.	59387 No. 5. P., Miss Stahl.	59434 Talladega, Ala. The Cassidy Band. P., Mrs. Mattie Chandler.	59480 Div. 7. P., Grace M. Keninston.
59289 No. 2. P., Miss Leeson.	59338 Garfield School Bands. No. 1. P., N. C. Helsonimus.	59388 No. 6. P., Miss Nolte.	59435 Seattle, Wash. Maple Leaf Band. P., Miss Nina G. Austin.	59481 Div. 8. P., Bertha Martin.
59290 No. 3. P., Miss C. B. Graves.	59339 No. 2. P., Anna P. Hill.	59389 No. 7. P., Miss Stubbs.	59436 Murray, Utah. Murray School Band. P., Miss Alicia Goff.	59482 Div. 9. P., Lucie P. Pray.
59291 No. 4. P., Miss L. M. Likins.	59340 No. 3. P., M. Schulz.	59390 No. 8. P., W. A. Flake.	59437 East Jordan, Utah. East Jordan Band. P., May Cornell.	59483 Plains School Bands. P., Miss Viena Stimson.
59292 No. 5. P., Miss B. G. Test.	59341 No. 4. P., Emma Hough.	59391 No. 9. P., Miss Schaefer.	59438 Reynoldsville, Pa. Reynoldsville Sch'l Band. P., Miss Kathryn Geer.	59484 Lafayette School Band. P., Miss Josie R. Rand.
59293 No. 6. P., Miss E. Foulke.	59342 No. 5. P., Alice Test.	59392 No. 10. P., J. F. Thompson.	59439 Thompson, Iowa. Thompson School Band. P., Anna Williams.	59485 Decatur, Ind. Central School Bands. No. 1.
59294 No. 7. P., Miss J. E. Test.	59343 No. 6. P., W. O. Wissler.	59393 No. 11. P., C. A. Mering.	59440 Morgantown, W. Va. The Landseer Bonheur Band. P., Adie M. Carrey.	59486 No. 2. P., C. E. Hocker.
59295 No. 8. P., Miss ———.	59344 No. 7. P., Orval Brunson.	59394 No. 12. P., W. S. Davis.	59441 Portsmouth, N. H. Farragut School Bands. Div. 1.	59487 No. 3. P., C. S. Ward.
59296 Whitewater School Bands. No. 1. P., F. E. Stinson.	59345 No. 8. P., Carrie C. Lesh.	59395 No. 13. P., Will Earhart.	59442 Div. 2. P., Blanche M. Winn.	59488 No. 4. P., R. C. Hill.
59297 No. 2. P., E. M. Williams.	59346 No. 9. P., Emma Bond.	59396 No. 14. P., Miss Price.	59443 Div. 3. P., D. W. Coleman.	59489 No. 5. P., Rose L. Dunathan.
59298 No. 3. P., H. J. Kenley.	59347 No. 10. P., W. S. Heiser.	59397 St. Andrews School Bands. No. 1. P., Joseph M. Richter.	59444 Div. 4. P., A. Ruth Shapley.	59490 No. 6. P., Emma Byerly.
59299 No. 4. P., M. M. Lemon.	59348 No. 11. P., Will Earhart.	59398 No. 2. P., Sister Antonia.	59445 Div. 5. P., M. E. Pennell.	59491 No. 7. P., Mattie Bailey.
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59302 No. 7. P., E. R. Close.	59351 No. 3. P., Ida L. Meyer.	59401 No. 5. P., Sister Anaseta.	59448 Div. 2. P., M. E. Canney.	59494 No. 10. P., Bess Congleton.
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59305 No. 2. P., S. Sanderson.	59354 No. 6. P., Martha Horney.	59404 St. Mary's School Bands. No. 1. P., Rev. J. F. Mattingly.	59451 Div. 5. P., L. L. Holmes.	59497 No. 3. P., Lola Jackson.
59306 No. 3. P., E. Sands.	59355 No. 7. P., Jane M. Dunlap.	59405 No. 2. P., Sister Mary Leoneda.	59452 Div. 6. P., I. I. Woods.	59498 No. 4. P., Blanche Reynolds.
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59308 No. 5. P., S. Kelsey.	59357 Sevastopol School Bands. No. 1. P., Hannah M. Jones.	59407 No. 4. P., Sister Mary Esther.	59454 Div. 2. P., A. L. Morrison.	59500 No. 2. P., Golda Stoler.
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59310 No. 7. P., N. B. Lowe.	59359 No. 3. P., Grace E. Simpson.	59409 No. 6. P., Sister Mary Thomas.	59456 Div. 4. P., A. T. Newton.	59502 No. 4. P., Fannie Rice.
59311 No. 8. P., A. M. Lupton.	59360 No. 4. P., M. M. Dickinson.	59410 Eaton, Ohio. Eaton School Bands. No. 1. P., H. S. Hippensteel.	59457 Div. 5. P., E. A. Newton.	59503 South Ward School Bands. No. 1.
59312 Valle School Bands. No. 1. P., Ada Woodward.	59361 No. 5. P., Alice E. Unthank.	59411 No. 2. P., Mr. Buck.	59458 Div. 6. P., Helen Lughton.	59504 No. 2. P., Grace Coffee.
59313 No. 2. P., E. C. Newman.	59362 No. 6. P., Mabel C. Ellis.	59412 No. 3. P., S. D. Chambers.	59459 Div. 7. P., M. M. Woods.	59505 No. 3. P., Della Sellemeyer.
59314 No. 3. P., C. G. Newman.	59363 Washington, D. C. Wightman School. Sunshine Band. P., Miss Virginia W. Schaefer.	59413 No. 4. P., Miss Brown.	59460 Div. 8. P., Grace T. Smith.	59506 No. 4. P., Eva Acker.
59315 No. 4. P., Eva A. Mawhood.	59364 Patterson School Bands. The Helpers. P., Miss C. V. Ross.	59414 No. 5. P., Miss Hetzler.	59461 Div. 9. P., G. S. Perry.	59507 No. 5. P., Rose Egan.
59316 No. 5. P., R. E. Hasecooster.	59365 Little Sunbeams. P., Miss E. B. Lucas.	59415 No. 6. P., Mr. Rummel.	59462 Cabot St. School Bands. Div. 1. P., B. J. Beyer.	59508 No. 6. P., Carrie Thomas.
59317 No. 6. P., Mary R. Marsh.	59366 Sunshine. P., Miss A. E. Thomas.	59416 No. 7. P., Miss Miller.	59463 Div. 2. P., E. E. McDonough.	59509 St. Joseph's School Bands. No. 1.
59318 No. 7. P., Lulu Gans.	59367 Garnet School Bands. Love Everybody. P., Miss Alma Pitts.	59417 No. 8. P., Miss Brumbaugh.	59464 Div. 3. P., A. M. Jones.	59510 No. 2. P., Sister Pulcheria.
59319 No. 8. P., M. E. Mooney.	59368 Be Kind to All. P., Miss M. G. Taylor.	59418 No. 9. P., Miss Pogue.		59511 No. 3. P., Sister M. Henrietta.
59320 Hibberd School Bands. No. 1. P., Anna M. Schulz.	59369 Garrison School. Kind Children Band. P., Miss E. Brent.			59512 No. 4. P., Sister M. Aloysia.
59321 No. 2. P., Hettie Elliott.	59370 Langston School Bands. Gentle Children. P., Miss M. Cronwell.			59513 No. 5. P., Sister M. Mercedes.
	59371 Young Protectors. P., Miss M. W. Early.			59514 No. 6. P., Sister M. Curitina.
				59515 No. 7. P., Sister M. Petronilla.

A LETTER WORTH MORE TO US THAN THE \$100 ENCLOSED.

DECEMBER 7.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Of all the different benevolent works which now [at the close of the year] present their claims, there is not one of which I think with such fervent gratitude as yours.

The habit of kindness which your *American Humane Education Society* inculcates is, I think, doing more to make people live and love the precepts of the Golden Rule than any other organization, either secular or religious, that the world knows.

You are exposing cruelty, making it hideous, while you set forth the beauty of holy and righteous compassion. God speed you as you protect the lowly and the helpless—especially while you measure out justice and law to those occupying high places of responsibility and wealth.

Please accept to aid your work the enclosed one hundred dollars.

A HARD-HEADED FARMER.

"Miss Minnie Bertha Learned will now give us some very interesting experiments in chemistry, showing the carboniferous character of many ordinary substances, after which she will entertain us with a short treatise on astronomy, and an illustration of the geological formation of certain substances, and close with a brief essay entitled, 'Philosophy vs. Rationalism.'" Thus spoke the president of a young ladies' seminary on the class-show day.

A hard-headed, old-fashioned farmer happened to be among the examining board, and he electrified the faculty, and paralyzed Miss Minnie by asking:

"Kin Miss Minnie tell me how much sixteen and three-fourths pounds of beef would come to at fifteen and a half cents a pound?"

"Why, really, I—I"—, gasped Miss Minnie.

"Kin you tell me who is the Vice-President of the United States?"

"Why—I—I—Mr. B——, isn't he? Or is it—"

"Kin you tell me where the Mississippi River rises and sets?"

"I—I—don't just know."

"I reckoned ye didn't. Gimme the good old days when gals and boys went to school to learn sense."

LOTS OF IDEAS.

The careful reader of this paper—and of the daily press—will find lots of ideas we have during the past few years been sending through our columns into every newspaper office in America north of Mexico, cropping out over the country and bearing fruit.

One of our oldest Massachusetts judges said to us some time since in substance, "I don't believe, Mr. Angell, you have any conception of the influence of your little paper."

One of Boston's best known lawyers said to us some time since, "I never take up a copy of your paper without finding something in it that sets me to thinking."

A judge of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire said to us some time since that he read every number of *Our Dumb Animals* through from beginning to end.

Major-General Chamberlain of Maine, former President of Bowdoin College and governor of his state, and who frequently sends contributions to help our work, tells us that he never fails to read every copy of our paper from beginning to end.

CUBA.

We are glad to learn from a letter received from the secretary of the Cuban Humane Society at Havana, Mrs. Claude Clifford Ryder, of the grand good work being done there with the aid of our humane publications we have sent the society in the Spanish language and our own, and the prospect that all the children in Cuba may sooner or later be enrolled in our American Bands of Mercy.

We are glad to know that Vice-President Hill and ourself have been made honorary members of the Cuban society.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



TELLING A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THREE THOUSAND BOSTON DRIVERS.

[From Pleasant Recollections.]

In June, 1884, Colonel Henry S. Russell, owner of the celebrated horse, Smuggler, and now the head of the Boston Fire Department, put into our hand one hundred and fifty dollars to be given to the most humane drivers in Boston. We told him it would be as impossible to pick out from the thousands of drivers the half-dozen most humane as it would be to go into our Boston Music Hall, filled with the beautiful women of Boston, and pick out the half-dozen whom everybody should admit to be more beautiful than all the rest; but if Professor Bartholomew, who was then exhibiting his trained horses in Boston, could be induced to give an exhibition to three thousand Boston drivers, it might result in much good. To make a long story short, Professor Bartholomew kindly offered to give the exhibition free; the Boston theatre offered the theatre free; and the orchestra agreed to give us their services free, and the result was that three thousand drivers packed the Boston theatre to witness the exhibition, at which we had the pleasure of making an address and presenting to Professor Bartholomew a heavy solid gold, five-pointed star of the Bands of Mercy, hung by a gold ring to a heavy gold shield.

We told them in our address the story of a bad man in Naples, who had always been kind to donkeys. He died, and was refused

admission at every entrance to heaven at which he applied, until at last he reached the part appropriated to donkeys where, after consultation over the kindness he had shown them in life, he was admitted to enter. We told the drivers that, for our part, we would rather spend a thousand years in the company of four-legged donkeys than in the company of some two-legged ones it had been our misfortune to meet.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

In cold weather blanket your horses while stopping.

Receipts of the M. S. P. C. A. for October, 1904.
Fines and witness fees, \$254.00.

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Total, \$238.
The American Humane Education Society, \$263.

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All others, \$6.12.

Sales of Publications, \$72.82.

Total, \$1,113.78.

Receipts by The American Humane Education Society for October, 1904.

A. N. Y. friend, \$103; G. H. Holmes, \$39.38; Mr. Morrison, \$36.80; R. W. Snyder, \$26.25; Henry B. Hill, \$25; Burlington (Vt.) Humane Society, \$12.50; Miss B. E. Hilton, \$1; Mrs. E. W. Shuler, \$1.
Small sales, \$12.25.

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

We believe no other paper in the world goes, as "Our Dumb Animals" does every month, to the editorial rooms of every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico, and we believe that no paper in the world is more seldom thrown into the waste-basket unread.

IT GOES EACH MONTH TO

All members of our two Humane Societies. Several thousands of business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

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Of these over twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

Mercy to Every Living Creature.

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